

POETRY.

NOT YET.

(John xlii, 7.)

Not yet thou knowest what I do,
 O feeble child of earth,
 Whose life is but to angel view
 The morning of thy birth!
 The smallest leaf, the simplest flower,
 The wild bees' honey-cell,
 Have lessons of my love and power
 Too hard for thee to spell.

Thou knowest not how I uphold
 The little thou dost scan;
 And how much less canst thou unfold
 My universal plan.
 Where all thy mind can grasp of
 space
 Is but a grain of sand;
 The time thy boldest thought can
 trace,
 One ripple on the strand!

Not yet thou knowest what I do
 In this wild, warring world,
 Whose prince doth still triumphant
 view
 Confusion's flag unfurled,
 Nor how each proud and daring
 thought
 Is subject to my will,
 Each strong and secret purpose
 brought
 My counsel to fulfill.

Not yet thou knowest how I bid
 Each passing hour entwine
 Its grief or joy, its hope or fear,
 In one great love design;
 Nor how I lead thee through the
 night,
 By many a various way,
 Still upward to unclouded light,
 And onward to the day.

Not yet thou knowest what I do
 Within thine own weak breast,
 To mould thee to my image true,
 And fit thee for my rest.
 But yield thee to my loving skill;
 The veiled work of grace,
 From day to day progressing still,
 It is not thine to trace.

Yes, walk by faith and not by sight,
 Fast clinging to my hand;
 Content to feel my love and might,
 Not yet to understand.

A little while thy course pursue,
 Till grace to glory grow;
 Then what I am, and what I do,
 Hereafter thou shalt know.

—Francis Ridley Havergal.

SELECTIONS.

Treasure laid up in heaven don't
 stop drawing interest when the bank
 down here breaks.

The saved must become savers, if
 they would enjoy their own salvation.
 —United Presbyterian.

A true perception of the gospel is
 the entire forgetfulness of self; utter
 absence of any pretension, and the
 complete and entire refusal to accept
 the world's praise or judgement.
 —General Gordon.

We are builders, and each one
 Should cut and carve as best he can,

Every life is but a stone,
 Every one shall hew his own,
 Make or mar, shall every man.
 —Bishop Doane.

It is for active service soldiers are
 drilled and trained and fed and
 armed. That is why you and I are
 in the world at all—not to prepare to
 go out of it some day, but to serve
 God actively in it now.—Henry
 Drummond.

Intemperance and infidelity are
 twin curses. The Bible will drive
 out the bottle or the bottle will drive
 out the Bible. Saloons and the
 Scriptures have nothing in common.
 Who ever saw a Bible in a dram shop?
 Men who sell rum do not read the
 Bible. Women who sell rum do not
 read the Bible. If they have a re-
 ligion it is a religion which has little
 use for the Bible. The saloon is the
 scorner's stamping ground. There
 men mock at God, scoff at the Bible,
 talk infidelity, atheism, anarchy,
 nihilism. Infidelity is the root of
 the whole. Faith in God's word cuts
 that root. Let the Word of God have
 free course and be glorified, and it
 will make havoc with the saloons.

"Fifteen years ago," said a Chris-
 tian man in London, "I commenced
 preaching on this corner," and just
 across the way, perhaps twenty feet
 distant, was a dram shop—a haunt of
 drunkards and a den of thieves. This
 one soldier of the Lord begun there
 with his Bible and hymn book to
 fight the rum devil. Soon the dram-
 seller's business fell off;—he could
 not pay his rent. Men did not like
 to run under the guns of a gospel
 battery to get their drinks; and the
 owner of the property at last said to
 the preacher, "You have broken up
 that man's business, now you ought
 to have the place your self." He
 bought it, built a chapel, and for
 many years has preached the gospel,
 fed the poor, and comforted and res-
 cued the lost there.

CHORUS OF PRAISE.

I have read somewhere the story that
 at some great musical festival the con-
 ductor threw up his baton, thus
 stopping the whole performance, at the
 same time calling loudly, "Flageolet!"
 it seemed that from the marvelous har-
 mony of the great orchestra the direct-
 or's keen ear missed the single note of
 the flageolet, which was failing to do
 its part.

You remember that wonderful psalm
 of the sweet singer of Israel, in which
 he calls upon all the works of God's
 hand to unite in songs of praise to the
 name of the Lord; "for his name alone
 is excellent; his glory is above the
 earth and heaven."

And I am thinking of the great cho-
 rus of praise that is going up at this
 Thanksgiving season from "all his an-
 gels," "all his hosts;" from "the sun
 and moon," the "stars of light," the
 "heaven of heavens," "mountains and
 all hills," "fruitful trees and all ce-
 dars," "kings," "princes," and "all

people," "both young men and maid-
 ens."

And I am wondering if from that
 mighty wave of praiseful harmony the
 father misses a single note of thanks-
 giving from any one of our hearts.
 For, dear friends, our songs of praise
 must be heart songs, else they add not
 harmony but discord to the tuneful
 chorus of thanksgiving and praise.

Wonderful things has our God
 wrought for us Let us bring to Him
 the loving praise of thankful hearts.
 —Sel.

RAM'S HORN ARROWS.

There isn't a bit of religion in self
 pity.

To say yes to any kind of a sin is to
 say no to Christ.

We all hate self when we see it crop
 out in somebody else.

An oath is a confession that the
 devil is served from choice.

Every profane man has the devil's
 name written on his tongue.

The man who will say a mean thing
 will sooner or later do one.

The sound of an oath hurts a Chris-
 tian more than a blow in the face.

The man who swears would steal if he
 were not afraid of being locked up.

The road to heaven is all up hill to
 the man who tries to get there alone.

Christianity says "Love your neigh-
 bor as yourself." Society says, "First
 find out what he is worth."

The man who will swear before a child
 is mean enough to do anything else
 that the devil requires of him.

One reason why some preachers do
 not reach the masses is because they
 get up in the church steeple to write
 their sermons.

When you go to church to pray for
 the conversion of the heathen, don't
 expect the missionary to go at his own
 expense.

Marriages.

RUMBAUGH—McFADDEN.—At
 the home of Wm. Keifer, on Oct. 14,
 1894, Mr. Eugene Rumbaugh, and
 Miss Verna McFadden were joined
 in marriage by J. M. Tombaugh, of
 Washington C. H. Ohio.

WM. KEIFER.

KLINE—FRANKS.—At the newly
 furnished home of the contracting
 parties, Mr. Charles Kline and Mrs.
 Alice Franks were joined in marriage
 by Wm. Keifer of Pleasant Home,
 in the presence of a large circle of in-
 vited guests.

WM. KIEFER.

MILLER—LOWRY.—On Thursday
 Nov. 1, 1894, at the Brethren parson-
 age, Berlin, Pa., by the undersigned,
 Mr. Ira A. Miller of Boone, and Miss
 Minnie J. Lowry of Mock, Pa.

JOHN H. KNEPPER.

Berlin, Pa.

Our Dead.

INBODY.—Sister Margaret Inbody
 was born October 3rd, 1842 died Nov.
 4th, 1894, aged 52 years, 1 month and
 1 day; joined the Brethren church
 under J. P. Martin, and since lived a
 faithful member; was glad when her
 affliction, which was patiently borne,
 was brought to a close. She died
 in the hope of a home in heaven.

N. M. PALMER, Pastor.

DELLENBAUGH.—Frederick Del-
 lenbaugh was born in the city of
 Berne, Switzerland, October 13th, '23,
 died at North Georgetown, Ohio,
 Nov 6th, 1894, aged 71 years and 23
 days.

Brother Dellenbaugh lived in the
 town in which he died nearly his en-
 tire life, with the exception of three
 years that he spent in the Federal
 army, in defense of his country. He
 leaves a wife and four children to
 mourn their loss. May God bless
 the bereaved family. Funeral ser-
 vices by the writer.

J. L. KIMMEL.

MILLER.—Lela May Miller was
 born in Canton township, Stark Co.,
 Ohio, June 4th, 1871. She was
 united with the Progressive Breth-
 ren church at Louisville in February,
 1893.

She was joined in the holy bonds
 of matrimony to W. C. Edwards, of
 Van Wert, Ohio, by Rev. Keim, on
 the 11th of May, 1893. She moved to
 Van Wert in April, 1894 and remained
 there till death called her away. She
 took down with malaria fever and
 lingered three weeks. She remained
 conscious till death and was fully
 prepared and willing to go. In her
 dying hours she sang the following
 verse:

Hallelujah, thine the glory
 Hallelujah, amen.
 Hallelujah, thine the glory
 Revive us again.

She leaves a kind husband, one
 dear little daughter, Mabel Frances,
 loving parents, one sister and three
 brothers to mourn her departure.
 Her spirit took its flight on Friday
 morning at one o'clock, November
 2nd, 1894. Her age, 23 years,
 4 months and 28 days. Funeral ser-
 vices at the home of her parents in
 Canton, conducted by the writer.

JOSIAH KEIM.

KIMMEL.—Died, in the Bear Creek
 congregation, Montgomery Co., O.,
 Nov. 6th, 1894, Susie May, youngest
 daughter of brother and sister A. J.
 Kimmel, aged 18 years, 6 months and
 3 days. She was a bright amiable
 girl, possessed of a sweet and at-
 tractive disposition and her loss will
 be keenly felt, not only by her im-
 mediate family but by a large circle
 of acquaintances and friends; but
 we look forward with hope to the
 general resurrection at the last day.
 Funeral services by brother Josiah
 Ebey and writer.

J. M. TOMBAUGH.